



**with you by my
side, i will fight
and defend**

**richiehozier
(strawbeddie)**

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richiehozier (strawbeddie)**

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Summary:

they love each other.

with you by my side, i will fight and defend

Author's Note:

just a short something i wrote and idk why lol.

“It’s like on Thanksgiving when you keep eating even though you know you’ll get a stomachache,” Richie explains, waving his hands around in a way that was probably supposed to mean something. “But you do it anyway because the food is so good.”

He might’ve had too much to drink, but he needs Eddie to *understand*.

“So... loving me is like thanksgiving dinner? You calling me fat, babe?” Eddie hedged. Richie looks serious – or as serious as someone can look when they’re three sheets to the wind—so he’s sure there’s a point to all of this, he just doesn’t know where to look.

“No,” Richie sighs, put upon. He sits up, too fast maybe, head spinning, but he wants to look Eddie in the eye, needs him to really get it. “I love you so much, and you’re so good to me, but it’s always gonna hurt. We can’t ever—” he cuts himself off but Eddie understands anyway.

They’ve been together for two years, of course the topic of coming out has come up. Richie wants to, Eddie can’t. Not yet anyway. Maybe if they’d been born in a different time, he thinks, a different place, things would be better for them.

It’s not like their relationship is a secret, not exactly. They have a small bubble of people who know about them, and would prefer to keep it that way. News carries fast in a town like Derry.

There’s so much he wants to say to Richie, but he settles on “I’m not ashamed of you.” Like he always does. “I’m not ashamed of us.” He says, fiercer.

“I know. I know you’re not. Me neither.” Richie says, eyes clear as ever despite the flush on his cheeks.

They don’t say anything else for a long time, but they don’t have to.

Richie takes Eddie's hand and squeezes once (I love you), twice (I love you), three times, (I love you, I love you, I love you.) He doesn't say it out loud, but Eddie knows. God, he hopes Eddie knows.

*

Richie falls asleep first, face slack and peaceful and Eddie is so in love. Eddie brushes his long hair back from his face, counts Richie's freckles the way people count stars. He kisses as many as he can, kisses Richie's mouth (I love you), his nose (I love you), his forehead (I love you, I love you, I love you), before drifting off himself.

When he sleeps, he dreams in colors bright and loud; dreams of getting out of this town, away from his family, and starting over with Richie by his side.

*

Richie wakes up first, Eddie's head pillowed on his chest, lashes fluttering as he dreams. It hits Richie like a ton of bricks.

It's not the first time that he's been bowled over by his love for Eddie, so completely overwhelmed by it that he doesn't even know what to do with himself.

He thinks back to last night, recalling bits and pieces, something about Thanksgiving dinner, he thinks. Richie lets the night come back to him, one feeling at a time, as he watches Eddie sleep.

They were meant to be, Richie had always thought so. Forever, maybe, but not right now.

To him, loving Eddie was like eating pineapple, he knew it would sting—it always did— but in the end it would be worth it.

Eddie would always be so worth it.

Author's Note:

thats all folks.